Copyright Notice

Taken

By Robyn64

Ex Libris Sapientiae

2009 by Robyn64. All Rights Reserved.

No reuse, redistribution, or modification without permission.

Printing: Not allowed without explicit permission.

ID: 1364. View this Book Online

Table of Contents

1. Part one 5

2. Part two 21

3. Part three 37

4. Part four 49

5. part five 57

Chapter 1

Part one

Taken.

I heard the muffled sound of an alarm going off as I slowly opened my eyes to reality. Wait, I didn't have an alarm clock. And those shoes, they certainly weren't mine. So that left only one question. Where the hell was I?

Then I saw him, quietly creeping in with a small grin on his face. I recognized that smile from anywhere. It was Oliver. His deep, sea grey eyes glared at me when he realized I was awake. He slowly started walking to me, gliding his hands through his dark silky hair making him look sexier than ever. His

simple, white top was clinging to his perfectly chiselled body. He chuckled as he realized I was checking him out, he knew I wanted him.

Within seconds, he was on top of me in bed, pinning me down. We both stayed like that for what seemed like forever, just staring into each other's eyes, until he began to lean closer. I felt his hot breath on my neck as he lowered himself. My heart was racing, not knowing what to expect next. That's when he kissed me. Not just any old kiss, this was hot and passionate. His lips were warm and soft. Perfect. His hands were gently making their way up my legs and to my waist when I realized, I didn't want this, but I couldn't stop myself.

He slowly pulled away. But I didn't want him to, so I quickly pulled him back and roughly kissed him. I think he got the message as he smiled and started lifting my top up, moving his hands to my belly. He trailed his kisses down my neck, making me moan to myself. I lifted my hand and started gliding it through his hair, gently tugging it with pleasure as his spare hand made its way down to my shorts. He

started to slowly pull them down when I suddenly froze. I definitely did not want this.

Only a few days ago, Oliver had taken me from my home in London and drove me out into the middle of nowhere. Away from my family and friends. He, of course, thought he was doing the right thing by letting me start a new life with him. But he was wrong.

With all my strength, I pushed him off me. I knew he would never hurt me, he loved me too much. Back at home, I could use his love of me to get him to do anything for me. I now realised just how wrong I had been for doing that. I wanted to go home, but unfortunately that was the one thing he was not willing to let me do.

I must have dosed off again because when I woke, the room was full of darkness. The only light came from a small TV set that murmured every now and then. A dark figure sat cross-legged in front of it. The building was either a cheap hotel, or an abandoned house that had been convenient for Oliver. You could

clearly tell this place was a hotel, but you could also see why someone would want to abandon it.

Oliver knew I was awake as he whispered to me “You talk in your sleep you know.”

“Really” Was all I had to say. I tried to make my voice sound as uninterested as I possibly could, but I couldn’t help but wonder what I had said.

“You said my name a few times. And mentioned your mum.” He said slowly before turning around to look at me, it was like he knew what I was thinking. He had sympathy in his eyes. Like he was truly sorry for everything that had happened to me in the past three weeks.

“Ohh.” I couldn’t quite manage to continue. I felt my eyes slowly turn blurry and a small tear managed to escape without my permission. Wait, was I crying? I never cry! And I’m not going to start now.

“Oliver, can’t we just..-“

“No!” He said fast. I was cut off before I could finish. But I could tell he knew what I was about to say.

“But what about my dad? He’ll be worried sick, and straight after my mum..” I sighed. Just thinking of my dad alone without me and my mum made me want to cry. He had never been alone before, and it can’t be that nice.

It had been just two weeks since my mum had died. She was on her way home from work one night when a crazy drink driver crashed into the side of her car. She was killed instantly. My dad and I had not been able to cope at first, we stayed in every day and cut off all communication with everyone else. But as we started to go out a bit more, my dad returned to work, and I went back to school.

Though very soon, I started to feel like I was being watched. I was relieved at first, I thought it was my mum; maybe she had come down from heaven to keep her eye on my dad and me. Although I knew that was a crazy idea, I didn’t believe in angels and I’m sure even if there were such a thing, my mum would be up there having fun by now. But then walking home from school one day, there was a tall shadow overcasting me. I started to speed up and

noticed that so was the figure behind me. There was no noise except for two pairs of feet. Theirs and mine. I had been known at school for my speed. Every sports day, I was picked to run first. But even with my speed, I felt I could not outrun him. Yet I didn't understand why he had been following me.

I was just an average girl. Long brown curly hair, slim with a normal height. Not too tall, not too small. I wouldn't say I was the prettiest girl in school, but I had been complimented once or twice. I wasn't as clever as other people in school, the only thing I was good at was running. I'm not exactly popular either. Unfortunately, I can count my close friends on just one hand. I wouldn't say I was shy around people, when someone said something I didn't like, they would know about it. But I didn't really like getting involved with everything, I prefer to sit back and watch.

Then one day, I had stayed after school for sports training and as I walked out the school gates, a body stopped me. I froze right on the spot as a hand grabbed my shoulder and said those five words, the

ones that kept me up at night. “I’ve been waiting for you” his sharp voice was no match for my mouse of a squeak. I didn’t no what had happened at first, and had no idea who it was. He was wearing a black jumper with the hood up and covering his face. The only way I could make out whether it was a man or woman is by his stern voice. I stood still as he put his hand behind my back and slowly marched me to his van. Conveniently parked right in front of the school, he managed to push me into the back of his van and drive off without anybody noticing. And for some reason, I couldn’t stop him. Every time I opened my mouth, I could not scream for help. My mouth was dry and I felt terrified of what would happen next.

Suddenly, I snapped back into reality.

“What are you thinking?” Oliver’s soft voice asked. Somehow, between my flashback, he had managed to walk over to the bed and put his arm around my waist, pulling me in close to him.

“Nothing.” I still wasn’t ready to talk to him. I just wanted to pull the covers over my head and fall

asleep forever. But I guess that wasn't going to happen.

"Oliver.." I said after a little while. He had switched off the telly and was breathing deep onto the side of my neck giving me goose bumps. You could see his smile widen as I said his name.

"Yes?" he whispered in a soft voice as he slowly moved his hand up to my hair. He started playing with it, spinning it around in his hands and smiling to himself. What was he doing? Acting like it was natural for him to take someone from their home, their family, their friends, and act all passionate like nothing had happened.

"Don't! Just listen to me okay!" I squeaked, firmly pushing his hands away from me and standing up. His beautiful smile had quickly vanished. What was left was a shocked face, staring up at me and watching as I paced back and forth in front of him. His eyes grew big as he watched me and for the first time since I had met him, I could see his eyes were almost hurt. They were big and greenish grey, and reminded me of a child that had just been told he

couldn’t have his favourite toy. This only made me angrier, is that what he thought of me? That I was only his toy?

Oliver quickly got to his feet and walked calmly to my side. Trying to put his arms around me, yet again, I pushed him off.

“What’s the matter?” He said looking concerned.

“What’s the matter? What is wrong with you?! First you take me from my home, keep me locked up in some cheap hotel, and then act all lovey with me!” I almost shouted straight in his face. I could feel my face start to burn up with anger as I held my fists tight and stood staring at him.

He looked shocked. Ready to duck in case I hit him, ha like I would stand a chance against his perfect muscles. I started to shake, from the sudden temperature change in the room and from feeling so angry with him. We both stood silent for a while, trying to avoid eye contact with each other. Until he finally gave in.

“Look, I’m sorry. I didn’t realized how unhappy this would make you. I thought leaving your town and starting again was what you wanted.” He finally said. He looked unhappy himself now. After thinking it through I realized, he was only trying to do what was right for me. He gave up his life, his family and friends, his future, to make me feel happy again and get a fresh start. Somehow, this made me feel guilty. Even though he was the one that took me, I couldn’t get it out of my head that he had done all of this for me.

I reached for the bed and steadied myself onto it. I couldn’t believe how much I had changed in two days. I had given in to him, I felt guilty for what he had done. Why did this have to happen to me? A month ago, I would have been sat at home with my mum and dad eating my dinner. This made me even more upset. But for just one minute, I forgot about my problems and just focused on Oliver and me.

If I had to stay like this from now on, I thought I might as well make the most of it. I got up off the bad and walked over to the kitchen area. It was no bigger

than a cupboard and managed to fit in a mini fridge, small table, and a dirty sink. The walls were covered in horrible dark brown flowers; the decorator must have been blind. The tiny windows looked like the ones from a prison cell, foggy from handprints and grime. This place needed a damn good clean!

I opened the fridge door and suddenly got a draft of cold air making me shiver. Like he knew this, Oliver was over to me as quick as he could be. I never noticed what he was wearing before but he slowly lifted his jumper up, his top caught in it and showing off his great body. He had his jumper off in one quick tug and laughed when he saw me still gawping at him.

“Not usually the reaction I get.” He joked, winking at me. “Here, catch” he tossed his jumper to me, watching my expression finally change to a thankful smile.

The jumper was way too big on me, I could fit at least another two people in here with me. But at least it kept me warm. Opening the fridge again, I picked up the first thing I could place my hand on. Not once

taking my eyes off his. Of course, this made him laugh a bit more. It was a comforting laugh, one that reminded you of good memories every time you heard it. It soothed you, like something you had grew up with your whole life.

I pulled out an apple. Well, it's a start I thought to myself. I took a bite into the apple as I walked around the hotel room. There were three rooms altogether. The kitchen, bedroom and bathroom. What did he do? Look for the cheapest one he could find? I sniggered to myself.

The bathroom was no bigger than the kitchen. Just enough to fit a baby blue toilet in there and a matching bath. There was a small mirror screwed into the wall, but was cracked at one corner. "Hi, I'll just take the crappiest room in this place please, sir!" I said out loud, copying Oliver's husky voice. Something that I would have liked to stay in my head. Oliver obviously heard because he walked in laughing at me.

It took him a while to stop laughing but after he had finished, he took me and sat me down on the edge of

the bed next to him. I wasn't in the mood for him to try anything with me again just yet. I sat stiff, staring into space. I think he realized that because he whispered "relax" and turned on the TV.

We sat there watching for a while, nothing really caught my eye until Oliver switched to the news.

"Please, if anyone has any information as to where she is. Please, just give the police a call. You won't be in trouble. Please!" a familiar voice pleaded.

I sat there, my eyes wide with my mouth open. "DAD!" I shouted at the telly. "Dad! My dad! He's on the telly! He wants me! Oliver, we have to get home! I need to see him right away!"

"No!" Oliver quickly stood up, shouting at the TV. "NO NO NO NO NO!" He ranted to himself. His eyes turned a fierce red as he clenched his fists. He turned to me with anger in his face. What was up with him? I thought he would be happy that I'm happy.

"You can't go, just don't leave me again! He doesn't matter anymore!" Oliver said through gritted teeth.

He swiftly turned the telly off, leaving me in the dark before he walked off into the kitchen.

I had frozen, my face had that same shocked expression I had when my dad told me that my mum had died. I followed Oliver into the kitchen.

“Again?” I asked, still shocked. I hardly knew this guy! Oliver slowly turned around and looked up into my eyes. I stood still for a while, trying to figure out what he meant. But just then, as if nothing had happened he said

“We’ve ran out of milk. I’ll go take a walk up the shop.” Straight after saying that, Oliver’s calm face had reappeared and was smiling at me. He almost glided past me to pick up his wallet and opened the door. But before he took another step, he turned around and looked into my eyes again. His smile had gone.

“Don’t go” Oliver whispered. I’m surprised I managed to hear it actually. I stood, watching him leave as he had told me so many times not to do. I knew he would be back in a few minutes but there was still time to get out of this horrible place. All it

took was for me to open the door and run. Run as far and fast as I could. I could be far away by the time he got back to the hotel.

I was about to open the door when I had a sudden urge to check in the fridge. Something told me that we couldn't have ran out of milk. We had only been here one night and we couldn't have got through that big bottle yet. I tiptoed to the door and put my ear on the grimy deep red wallpaper. I was right, there was someone pacing up and down outside our room. I tiptoed to the fridge, stubbing my toe on the small round table as I walked in. Ouch! I shouted in my head. I was shaking as I opened the fridge door and just as I had suspected, there was over half a bottle of milk still left in the fridge. All I had to do now is wait for Oliver to come back in so I could confront him.

I slowly closed the fridge door and made my way over to the bed, all the time, keeping my eye on the door. Maybe if I locked it, he wouldn't be able to get in. Had he took a key? I only saw him pick his wallet up. I started to feel bad for him again. I just couldn't forget that he had done all this for me. Yeh, the hotel

is dirty and nobody would actually ever want to stay there, but we're starting a new life. Together.

Chapter 2

Part two

I pushed myself up off the bed and walked over to the door. I don't know why I did what I did next. I wasn't thinking straight. I slowly started to turn the handle on the door, it wasn't easy because I just couldn't stop shaking. Opening it a fraction, I yelled to the person outside.

"We have milk you know. That was a lame excuse. I wouldn't have gone, so you may as well just come back in." I hope he was ready to apologize to me. I thought as I made my way over to the bed and sat down again. I looked at the alarm and it said 22:30. Great, another day of my life missed. I could never really tell what the time was without the clock. There

were only three windows; one in each room. But even they were tiny.

The room was starting to get dark as the figure made its way into the room. He was taller then I remembered. I couldn't quite make out his face as the only light from the telly was shining on me. The figure didn't say one word as he closed and locked the door. Oliver never locked the door, he always thought he would be able to protect himself if anything happened. Something didn't feel right. And although I could usually tell if something was wrong, nothing could have prepared me for what happened next.

This wasn't Oliver. It didn't feel right, there was tension in the air as soon as he came into the room. I had to get away from him. But who was it and why had he been waiting outside my room? I needed to get away from this man before something bad happened to me. If only Oliver was here, he isn't that strong but at least he would be able to help me.

I jumped up off the edge of the bed and ran over to the kitchen, slamming the door behind me I knew I

wasn’t strong enough to keep the door shut, and I definitely did not have enough strength to move the table to the door and block him out. I stood thinking about what a stupid mistake I had made. The bathroom door actually had a lock on it, so at least I would be safe in there until Oliver got back. I stood silent and shaking, leaning my ear against the door as I heard his footsteps speed up towards the kitchen.

Almost instantly I froze as I watched the door handle turn. With all my strength, I pushed to try and keep the door shut. Like I thought, the man managed to open the door with almost no effort. What did he want with me? I was nothing special.

“G-G-Go aw-away!” I screamed slowly backing away from him. I couldn’t think of what to do, should I hit him or make a run for it? But if I ran, I would have to run past him. Would he grab me? Could I get away? What if I hit him? Would he hit me back? What if he killed me? All these thoughts ran through my head as I tried to think of a plan to get out of this mess. So far, no good.

“It’s okay, I’m not going to hurt you. I just want to have a little fun sweetie.” he tried to reassure me. His stupid grin made me sick. I started to not feel scared anymore. Instead, my feelings were replaced with anger and sickness. There was no doubt that this man had done something like this before and I wanted to make him pay for it. He started strolling towards me with his arms out. I panicked and had no idea how to respond. I wanted Oliver back with me, by my side.

“Don’t touch me!” I shouted. I tried to make my voice sound commanding and not afraid of him. I wanted the other people staying here to hear me and come to my rescue. But nothing. The man laughed, seeing disappointment in my eyes. A wicked cackle like a witch would make before she attacks you. I felt for the counter to steady me, I thought like I was going to faint. I watched him getting closer to me, he wasn’t going to give up no matter what I said to him. He got near enough to wrap his arm around my waist but didn’t pull me in to him just yet.

I felt my top being messed with as I tried to block everything out of my mind. Was I really just going to stand here and let some guy touch me? I felt useless, vulnerable and powerless against his muscles. He leaned against me, rubbing his manhood up my leg as he leaned my neck back and started kissing my neck. His lips were cold and hard, the exact opposite of Oliver's. As my head flung to the side, I noticed a big wooden block full of carving knives. Turning back to the man, I saw evil in his eyes. I let him be occupied with my body, long enough for him not to notice my hand lift up and buck around the wooden block.

I can honestly say, I had never really thought about killing somebody until that moment there. I wondered what it would be like, to die. To be reunited with my mum again. It's something I had wanted to happen when she first died. But now I know I had to stay and look after my dad; if we both left he would be all alone.

I started to push the wooden block to the edge of the counter. It was still full of knives so needed all my

strength to lift it up. I only had one hand spare, so I had to wait till I had the block halfway off the counter and push my hand underneath. But with one quick thrust, I had the wooden block off the counter and into the air. I tried to aim perfectly for the middle of his head, so I could knock him out cold.

Opening his eyes, he saw me trying to steady the box above his head. The man swiftly turned around and went to put his hands up to grab the box. But with one sudden movement, I managed to release my second hand, steady the box, and hit him hard on his head. I breathed a huge sigh of relief as his body fell to the floor with a thud. However, I knew it was not over yet. I had to wait with this body until Oliver returned.

The man's head was covered in blood, spilling all over the floor by the time I heard the door bang. For once, I was actually happy to see Oliver as I leaped over the body and raced to open the door for him. No time was wasted when the door finally opened. I threw my arms around Oliver, clinging to him like a girl and a doll. Pulling away, he saw the fear in my

eyes and the bruises forming on my arms. I turned to look at the man, still out cold on the floor and waited for Oliver's expression.

Oliver's face was as white as a ghost as his eyes hovered over the man's body on the floor. With one swift movement he had removed my hands from his neck and knelt down by the man. I decided to go and join him but first I needed a drink to get over everything that had happened in the past half hour.

I started to tiptoe over the man and to the mini fridge in the corner of the room. Still stunned, Oliver moved two of his fingers over the man's neck to check he was still breathing, but flinched. He quickly removed his hands from the man's neck like he had just had a shock. I was surprisingly calm about everything that had happened.

"What happened? I can't leave you for ten minutes without something happening!" Oliver growled. He looked away from the man and watched me, waiting for a reply.

"I thought it was you. He tried to attack me, what was I meant to do!" I blurted out all at once. What was his

problem? Was I just meant to stand there and let it all happen? “Aren’t you going to call an ambulance?” I asked, opening the fridge door.

“And say what? There’s no point anyway...” Oliver’s voice trailed off. I grabbed what looked like a can of strongbow out of the fridge and started chugging it down.

“Well I know I shouldn’t have hit him, but he shouldn’t have come at me like that. He needs to go to the hospital!” I stated, putting my can down and leaning back on the counter.

“No Laura, it’s too late. I’m sorry.” He shook his head at me. It took a while for what Oliver had just said to sink in. There was no way he was dead! I hadn’t hit him very hard.

“What-what-what?! No. No! He’ll come round in a minute, you’ll see. Then he can go and it will all be fine!” I shouted out. I felt tears well up in my eyes. I just wanted to go back to a couple of days ago when I was at home with my dad.

“You killed him Laura, he is dead” he replied in a cold, dead voice, much like the man’s body. Oliver got up and walked over to me with his arms open, he had fear in his eyes. I couldn’t quite believe what had happened over the past half an hour. It was all so sudden. If I were back at home, nothing like this would ever happen.

As I lent on Oliver, I thought about all the good times I had with my mum and dad, before she died. Things were different back them, my dad wasn’t as protective over me and I could see my friends. I actually looked forward to waking up in the morning.

A few more minutes passed before Oliver and I parted. He kept one of his arms on my shoulder and looked down at me with his big loving eyes.

“We’ll get this sorted Laura. But we need to leave. Pack a few things and let’s go. Now” he said in a calm voice. He removed his hand from me and walked over to the draws by the bed. I was left standing, stunned from how calm he had been.

I was quickly shocked out of it though, Oliver started ranting to himself and slamming draws to find his things. There was no other choice, if I wanted all this to go away, I had to leave right?

I sprinted over to the left side of the bed, where I always slept, and started rummaging through the three draws. I didn't have much stuff, mainly because when I was taken I wasn't prepared. I had my ruck sack with a few clothes in and everyday things that Oliver had picked up for me. I started stuffing them into my bag until I was shaking with nerves. I manages to keep my cool until I had finished packing and sat waiting impatiently for Oliver to finish.

"Hurry!" I snapped at him. "One of the maids can show up here at any time!" I sat shaking on the bed. I didn't realize how much stuff Oliver had. He had three bags packed full of food and clothes.

"Come on then, let's go." Oliver stared up at me as I smiled with relief. "Where to this time?" He winked at me. Oliver somehow always managed to lighten the mood.

We were halfway down the stairs and out of the building before I could make up my mind. I was sitting, staring at the clock while Oliver casually chatted with one of the workers in the hotel. He had gone to pay and check us out.

I stood up to meet Oliver as he walked over to me smiling. He bent down to reach the luggage he had left with me.

“Everything okay with them?” I asked Oliver nervously.

“Yeah, it’s all fine. And if we ever choose to come back, they said we get a 10% discount.” He smiled, rubbing his hands through his hair. “Right, let’s go. Figured out where you want to go yet?” Oliver tried to relax me but with every minute, I seemed to get even more nervous.

“Cologne, Germany. My mum took me there when I was a kid. We stayed in a village. Green something.” I stood trying to remember my childhood. My mum.

“Greenwich.” Oliver replied. “Yeah, I’ve been there. Why not pay them another visit.” He smiled to

himself and started walking to our rented car in the middle of the car park.

Oliver had rented a car when he took me and drove off to the deserted hotel. It wasn't anything special, just a dark green station wagon thing that didn't go very fast but it was just enough to get us to where we wanted.

I was the first to reach the car, I had taken the keys off him and ran to it as soon as I spotted it. Chucking the bags in the back of the wagon, I unlocked the door and jumped in the passenger side, waiting for Oliver to arrive. I thought about starting another new life in Germany, how I could be whoever I wanted to be. And also how all it took to escape was a turn of the key and I could leave Oliver. But I knew I couldn't survive on my own. I didn't really want to be with him, but I needed him.

Oliver made it to the car and started the engine. He tossed me a map from under the seat and pointed at where we were, and where Cologne is. All I can say is that this is going to be a hell of a ride.

Cologne was the first place that came to my head when Oliver asked. I hadn't even known where we were to begin with, but I could tell it was still in England somewhere. The air had the faint smell of the countryside, mixed with salt from the sea. It was a nice mixture, but not one that I would miss.

I can't quite remember how I got here, but I woke up to some old man staring at me through the side window of my car. The man was filling up the wagon while Oliver was paying the man inside. He came out with a hand full of food, laughing to himself. I knew exactly why Oliver was laughing, I wasn't really wearing anything decent. I hadn't had time to change at the hotel and my other clothes were in the back of the wagon. I wore a tight pair of black shorts that showed off my legs and made them seem to go on forever, along with a thin low cut, white top that barely covered my stomach.

Back at the hotel, there was no washing machine and the sink was a joke, it was so tiny. I had begun to run out of clothes and had nothing else to wear. Oliver got to the car still laughing as I tried my best to cover

myself with anything I could find. I found an old newspaper and opened it up wide, pretending I was reading.

“Here, catch.” Oliver tossed a can of soda and a snickers bar at the newspaper, which made it tear in half. And of course, Oliver found it hilarious.

“Don’t laugh!” I snapped, taking the can of soda and opening it. Before I knew it, the soda was everywhere, all over by top and trousers. This was just not my lucky day! My top was damp and wet, stained by the soda, while my hair was wet and beginning to get sticky.

I turned to Oliver to give him the evil eye, which made him roar with laughter. He soon began to get tears in his eyes from laughing so much but did try to calm himself after a while. Oliver sat watching me as I tried to dab at my wet top with what was left of the newspaper. My top soon began to turn transparent though.

“Give me your top.” I commanded to Oliver. Taken aback, he did as he was told and slowly lifted off his

top. His body was perfect, not too overpowering but just enough to leave me speechless at the sight of it.

Oliver smiled, handing me his top and winking at me. Over the past few days, I noticed Oliver had winked at me a lot, and I mean a lot.

“Got something in your eye?” I smiled at him, waiting for a reply but looked away when I got nothing. “Don’t peak,” I winked back at him. Oliver turned to look out his window why I looked around for anyone else who may be watching. Noticing Oliver had adjusted the side-view mirror, I decided to give him a show.

I slowly started tearing my top off my body, gliding my hands through my hair and down to my stomach at the same time. I stayed there with nothing on for a while, waiting to see if Oliver said anything before lifting my hair and slowly covered myself up with his t-shirt.

“God damn it Laura.” Oliver purred at me when I stopped. He turned and took my face in his hand, giving me a soft kiss. In that second, I forgot about everything else in the world and imagined the future

with Oliver and me. Wait, I'm not falling for him. Am I?

I was quick to tear away from the kiss, I couldn't fall for my kidnapper. I just couldn't let myself. But I started to see why Oliver took me. At school, I wouldn't have even given him a chance if he had asked me out. I thought he would be some stuck up footballer like the rest of them, but he isn't. He's sensitive, kind and loving. Dear god Laura shut up before you do something you regret!

I turned away from Oliver and started recapping the past couple of days. Somewhere between that, I managed to doze back off. I had a weird dream, about a woman. She looked like my mum, but younger. She was nursing a baby and crying, her hair was covering her face but she was kneeling by a body. A man maybe, and he wasn't moving…

Chapter 3

Part three

“Good morning sleepy head,” a cheerful face appeared over me blocking the powerful sun from my eyes. “We’re here! Let’s go check in,” he smiled. It was Oliver, and judging from the sun, it was around ten in the morning.

The hotel in Cologne was a lot different to the other one. As we pulled up, there was a big fountain in the middle of the entrance with two big fields either side stretching on for miles. It looked like a mansion! Only bigger. The entrance doors where at least nine foot high with big golden handles. It had thick indents of chestnut swirls all over it. Two statues of lions with their mouths open stood next to the door, watching

your every move as you walked up the steps. Three of the workers stood outside waiting for you. One to park your car and the other two to open the big doors.

I started walking up the pale stairs looking all around the building with a huge smile on my face. The main hall was very posh. The walls were tall and cream with pictures of famous people hanging on them. There were more statues all around the room too. The man at the desk wore a black and red professional outfit that looked like a sailor's uniform. The other workers were dressed fancy too.

Oliver strolled in with a big smile on his face flashing a credit card about. How could he afford this hotel? This had to be a five star hotel and he is still in school! He came and stood with me, waiting for the luggage to arrive and checking out the room.

"Where did you get the card?" I whispered to him. Paying attention to the sign in book. He didn't put his own name down, he used his dads. It all made sense now! "You can't steal off your dad!" I started to raise my voice at him.

“Relax and smile.” Oliver muttered under his breath, still smiling at the man behind the desk. The man carrying our luggage entered the door looking happy with himself. He stopped about two foot behind us and dropped the luggage on the matching cream carpet.

“Hi, I’m Cory. If you need anything just ring 627 on your monitor and I’ll be up right away. Let me show you to your room.” He smiled, picked up our bags and started leading us to our room. His strong German accent made it almost impossible to figure out what he was saying.

Our suite was on the second floor. The hall and first floor were identical to the main room. Six rooms were evenly spread on each floor, but not a sound came from any of them. The walls and carpet where the same cream colour on the first floor but ours was a deep red.

The first suite in our room was red too. Dark and sinful. It was nothing like a normal living room, I mean, there was a huge flat screen TV and black leather sofa, but there was even a mini bar in the far

corner of the room with tall stools placed around it. It was twice as big as a normal lounge to fit the pinball machine and mini dance floor in. But the bedroom was a light brown colour with a plain white carpet and round black rug. There was all the usual furniture in there like a bed (king size!), a tall wooden wardrobe, a matching dressing table and a deep red love seat. They were all evenly spread out, leaving room in the corner for a small counter-top with a mini fridge and wine cooler. Above it was a two-story win rack full of aged, expensive drinks.

I decided to stop checking out the place and go find Oliver. He sat on the leather sofa in the front room staring at the flat screen telly. “I could get used to living here!” I thought.

“This place is amazing!” I said out loud this time, loud enough for Oliver to hear. He sat back on the sofa and hit the side, telling me to come and sit down. I was happy enough to join him. He rested his head on the cushion behind him and flicked over to the news. The leather sofa wasn’t exactly comfy, it was good to show off to people but it was stiff and hard. I

started fidgeting to try and get comfy but however I sat, it just wasn't working. Oliver found this funny, giving out a great snort and laughing to himself before raising his hand over my shoulder and pulling me in.

I sat there for a while trying to adjust myself to fit his shoulder. I leaned in against him still a bit stiff and diverted my eyes to the telly. Oliver was still watching the news.

"Breaking news. Man found dead in a hotel room in Norwich. A young man was seen leaving the hotel room hours before the body was found. CCTV camera images show he was not alone in his attack. A young female about the same age accompanied him." There was a still close-up CCTV image of Oliver's face. It was crystal clear. "For anyone with any news on this attack ring the Criminal Helpline below"

"Oliver," I gulped "That's you!"

"We have to get out of here, NOW!" Oliver shouted from the bedroom. As soon as he had seen himself on the news, he ran to the bedroom to pack his things.

I ran to the bedroom to help. Luckily we hadn't been in the hotel for that long and hadn't unpacked much. If we were quick we could be out of the hotel and on the road in fifteen minutes.

We had packed and left the hotel room within minutes. We jogged down the hallway and ran to the check in desk. I knew that if we carried on like this, someone was bound to notice.

"Hi. Sorry about this. We're from room 23, just signed in. Um, the thing is, we've just had a phone call from a relative. My mums been taken into hospital so we're going need to rush off". I frowned along with it trying to look upset. "You can keep the money". Oliver gave a slight smile and began to pick up the bags.

I dropped the keys on the table and made my way for the door. The woman's expression didn't change at all, like that happened a lot at the hotel. It would explain why the rooms were so quiet.

"Let's leave the car here. We can get a taxi and drive anywhere you want. The car will just get us noticed. We need to blend in. You go wait outside for a taxi

while I make a quick phone call.” Oliver smiled at me. So, I did what he said. I picked up my bags and waited outside for a taxi.

Oliver stood at the corner, talking to some guy on the phone. I could hear him sometimes shouting about how he couldn’t do something and it’s too late. I got a bit worried, wondering what they were both on about.

When a taxi finally stopped for us, I jumped in the back and called Oliver over to join us. The man was too busy putting our bags in the boot to listen to anything I was about to say.

“Ahh, sorry about that. I’ve got everything sorted. Yes I did see it, we’ve left now. Yeah, we’re taking a taxi. Gotta run, bye“. Oliver finished on the phone and came to join me in the back of the taxi.

“Oliver, I think we should hand ourselves in. I don’t like the sound of going on the run. What if we get caught?” I whispered. We didn’t want anyone finding out, especially nosy taxi drivers.

“WHAT? Are you crazy? All this planning and you want to throw it all away? Don’t you realise we will go to jail for a crime like that! Not to mention the fact that I kidnapped you! Everyone is out there looking for me and you just want to give up and go to jail? Well, I’m not going to let that happen!” Oliver started raising his voice at me.

“Shh! Don’t be so loud! I was just saying, wont it be worse if they catch us later on instead? I mean, you’re already all over the news. How are you going to cover that up?” I had to finish quickly while the driver joined us in the cab and started the engine.

“So, where to?” the cab driver smiled up at the rear view mirror.

“Erm, how far are you willing to take us? We err, missed our flight to Italy this morning. I guess you wouldn’t want to take us all that way. So if you drop us off somewhere, we could get another taxi. Money’s not a problem though.” Oliver smiled back at him and for a minute there, he actually sounded genuine.

“Okay kid, I’ll take you as far out as I can then.” He nodded.

So, it looks like we're going be heading for Italy. I'll probably travel more in the next couple of months then I ever have in my life. I decided to continue quietly ranting on to Oliver.

"Oliver, we can't just travel to Italy and think everything will be okay because it won't. They will probably have been warned over there too. And taxi drivers watch the telly too, what if they notice you?" I asked, starting to worry about everything. I didn't understand why we didn't just hand ourselves in and get over with everything. The police would understand that it was self-defence.

The taxi went silent after that. Nobody had anything to say to each other and it stayed like that all through the ride. When the driver finally pulled over, Oliver paid him and we both stood in silence watching him drive off. We didn't have to wait long for another cab to come and the same thing happened. Oliver had to explain the story again while the driver loaded his car.

It was getting boring sitting in the cab all day trying to get to Italy, so we decided that once the driver had

gone as far as he could, we would go and walk around a few of the tourist shops they had around here. There was a big shopping centre just around the corner from where we got dropped off so we decided to take a walk around.

I didn't really think about whether or not we would be spotted or not. I just wanted to get out and shop to cheer me up a bit. Oliver seemed keen to be walking around too. After around an hour of shopping, I had bought a few things and was having a rest on a nearby bench, while Oliver went into a small newsagents to get a newspaper for us to read in the next taxi we found.

I had finished reading my magazine and decided to join Oliver in the queue when suddenly

"Holt!" I suddenly heard a shout behind me. I swiftly turned to see two policemen stood about five foot behind me. They had spotted us from off the telly, and now we were in trouble.

Oliver had noticed too and ran out of the shop with his newspaper still in his hand. Yet another thing to add to our list now. I froze still, why the police

started jogging towards me but was soon swept off by Oliver yanking my hand. He was a very fast runner and I found it hard to keep up. I never usually had to run this much so we had to keep slowing down and stopping for me to get my breath.

The shopping centre seemed busier than earlier so it was hard for us to weave in and out of the crowds of people shopping there. We started to slow down when we turned the corner of the centre. There was no way the police could see us with the amount of people there was here. So we stopped and made a plan.

“Lauren, listen to me now. We can get through this. All we have to do is get out of here and get a taxi, okay? Just keep hold of my hand and whatever you do, don’t stop running. If anything happens or we get split, I’ll meet you back outside where the other taxi left us, okay? Right, now come on!” Oliver panted.

He took my hand firmly in his and started running again. I could hear the policemen catching us up again as they tried to dodge the shoppers and get us. On his own, Oliver could easily get away. I could see

that I was just weighing him down. He may think he needs me, but he doesn't. If I get caught, he will be able to get away and I won't get charged for being kidnapped. I didn't want Oliver to go to jail for killing someone when he never did it.

I don't know what I was thinking, but the next few minutes were a blur. Oliver was still running fast and getting faster. We were coming up to the fountain in the middle of the centre so I let go of his hand. His instant reaction was to slow down and try and grab my hand again. But I ran off to the other direction before he had a chance, and left him with his only other option. Run. He sped off after that, while I stood, breathless and worried about what would happen now.

It didn't take long before I heard heavy footsteps from the police. And even with the big crowd, they still managed to spot me out and pounce on me. But I was done fighting and was ready to give in to them. Nothing good would come from all the running.

Chapter 4

Part four

“Laura, Laura. Over here Laura.” A newspaper reporter shouted at me.

“No, Laura. Over here.” Another responded. I was surrounded by them, trying to get to my dad’s car.

I was right, it was better for me to have given up at the mall instead of carried on running with Oliver. Although I had spent nearly a week being interviewed by different police officers, being asked different questions, I was finally released. The police had said I should try my best to carry on with my life the best I could and should get back into my old routine as soon as possible. I was happy when I

walked out the police station with my dad. He was still as I remembered. Tall, thin and smart with short brown hair. Although his grey hairs were starting to show. I had missed him a lot and couldn't wait to get back into my old routine. But I wasn't let off that lightly.

I was the talk of the town. Everyone in my neighbourhood knew about my disappearance and at first, thought my dad was the main suspect. He had been taken in and questioned many times since my disappearance. But only I knew the full truth. I was beginning to miss Oliver. It's hard to believe, but I didn't want to tell the police about who had kidnapped me.

I was suddenly pushed hard into the back of my dad's car. He had been hiding me in his jacket while we weaved in and out of the big crowds to try and find his car. My dad had made it clear that I wasn't ready to give interviews to reporters yet after my first go. They had tried to put words in my head and make it seem worse than it actually was. The truth is, I quite enjoyed being with Oliver.

There was a lot of small talk between me and my dad in the car, so I was happy when we finally pulled up at my house. Nothing had really changed since I had gone. The house was still a dusty grey on the outside, with the grass in need of a good trim. The inside was just as bad. My dad liked simple things, so most of the walls were dull coloured which looks just as out of place as the furniture. My family were never really any good with matching things. So the living room was a whole array of wacky colours.

I walked up to my bedroom, finding it exactly how I had left it the morning I was taken. My bed was still a mess and the contents of my wardrobe was emptied onto my floor after attempting to find something to wear that morning. It was just like I had never left.

It brought back so many memories of that day. I hadn't known Oliver that well before then. He had just been a blur in my life, like a painting I never properly looked at. But now I couldn't stop thinking about him. Sure, it was hard trying not to mention his name in interviews and a part of me felt like it was missing. Gone.

After the day I had, all I wanted to do was shut my eyes and have some me time. I tiptoed around the heap of clothes on the floor and crawled into bed. Little did I know that this was just the start of it all.

I awoke to a beeping sound, still expecting Oliver to come over and switch off whatever was disturbing my sleep. But he never came. I dragged myself out of bed and downstairs, joining my dad in the kitchen for some breakfast. Since I had come back, I hadn't really spoken to my dad much. Just the odd small talk about the day or weather. After the first couple of weeks of being back, I had started getting back into my old routine. Although I didn't have to go back to school yet.

I had been advised to go and see someone and talk about what had happened. So of course, my dad was making me go there twice a week. I insisted I didn't need it but three weeks into it, and I wasn't minding the sessions. I just sat staring at the woman for most of the hour, sometimes doodling, and sometimes thinking of Oliver.

My story had soon spread globally. I was recognised everywhere and known as ‘the one that got away’ and everyone I walked past in the street would start whispering to each other. My life was becoming like a soap opera and I was turning into a celebrity. Everyone wanted to know where I was and what I was doing. I even got a phone call one day from a local magazine. They wanted me to write my story and sell it to them.

I was hating all this attention. Going from a quiet, shy girl into a well-known woman was horrible. It made me feel bad knowing that I was now only known for what had happened to me. I don’t know why I keep getting all the attention when there were real sufferers out there that are going unnoticed.

The days started to drag on. I seemed to be doing a different interview each day and everything started becoming too repetitive. I had finally finished my interview with ‘The Sun’ early so decided to catch up on some much needed sleep back at home.

All I know is that I need to find Oliver. He’ll know how to make everything right again, he always does.

Oliver knows better than to come and see me, while everyone is still out there looking for him. So I guess there's only one solution. I'll start packing in the morning. I know it's not the best solution, but it's the only thing that I can think of right now. What's the worst that could happen...

Oliver's POV:

The car made a screech as I sped round the corner a little too fast. I'd had to take that guys car. He just left it unlocked, I was doing him a favour really. But now I had to find her, and fast. All I know is that it's been 6 weeks and I'm missing Laura like crazy. I know I shouldn't go back, but I really want to. I hate not seeing her, not waking up to her next to me. I don't know how long I can go on like this.

I've never really been that good with directions, so driving from the coast of Italy back to England was going to be a challenge. I mean, I can't ask for directions because people would recognize me. If I get pulled over I'm in deep shit. I haven't even though what I'm going to do when I run out of petrol. I can't survive by stealing people's cars.

All I can really do is drive and hope I'm going in the right direction. This is one journey I never thought I'd be on. I just want to check that Laura is save and well. She won't come looking for me because it's too risky. And right after she's just got back too. No. It's best if I go to her.

So I guess this is my crazy plan. I don't know what to expect really. There will be too many people looking out for her now. I can't just take her. Unless she willingly comes with me. But even then I'll get caught. But she's worth it, right?

Chapter 5

part five

“This is it” I thought as I switched my alarm off. I’d set it for 4 o’clock this morning, so I’d be able to pack and be out the house as soon as possible. I rushed to my wardrobe and emptied the contents of my school bag onto my bed. I didn”t have time to go through all my clothes, so grabbed a handful and stuffed them into the bag. I ran to my desk, picking up my purse and phone for later use, and placed them on top of my bag.

I stepped out the shower and rushed to get dressed. It was the fastest wash I had ever had, but it was getting close to 5 o’clock. My bag was sitting at the

side of my bed, waiting to be picked up and as I quickly got changed I thought about my dad.

It's a bad thing I'm doing, but he would understand if he listened to me. I decided I should leave him a note. I wouldn't tell him where I was going because, to be honest, I didn"t actually know where I was going. But I didn"t want him to worry about me, as long as he knew that it was my decision to make.

I left the note folded up on my bed, picked up my bag and made a move for the door. My dad was still asleep the last time I checked, and he seems to be a pretty heavy sleeper. Hopefully, I should be far gone by the time he woke up. I had saved up nearly £150 from my last birthday; I had a feeling it would come in handy someday. But now I was panicking that if I got a taxi, they would recognize me and help the police later on. But I had to take that chance.

It was chilly outside, waiting for the taxi to arrive. I'd raided the kitchen for light snacks that I could take to save my money, but there wasn't much; my dad hadn't gone shopping for a while. Since I came back,

our neighbours had been making us meals and visiting a lot, so he had no reason to buy any food.

At last that taxi arrived and I was able to get into the warmth. I had already thought of my story to say to the driver if they asked where I was going. I'm off on holiday to visit my nan. That was the best I could think of. All that matters is that the driver believed it, and drove off. Looks like there's no way out of this now.

Oliver's POV:

I thought I could do this but I can't. I can't just sit here waiting for a miracle to happen. There's no way things will ever go back to how they were with... No Oliver. Stop thinking that. There's no chance now, she's gone. You've lost her. You've got to move on. You shouldn't have taken her in the first place.

The car I had stolen had run out of petrol. I managed to drive for a few hours before it stopped. I had been staying in an old abandoned house for a few weeks while the search for me continued. There had been one or two close calls with people when I had been out foraging for food. But I got away unnoticed. I had

been waiting for the police to call off the search and give up on trying to find me. But Laura had been safe with me, I did nothing wrong.

But now I needed her so badly. I was used to her company, and now I was on my own. I don't know how much longer I can go on like this without doing something else stupid. I needed to find Laura and tell her how I really feel about her.

Laura's POV:

The thing is, I didn"t actually know where I wanted to go. Oliver never told me where he would be if we ever got separated. I guess it's because neither of us wanted to think of it. I hated thinking that I was leaving my family and friends to find Oliver. I could be traveling west to find out that he's been living in the east or something horrible like that. I didn"t even want to think about something like that.

I had to give the taxi driver an exact location to make my story believable. I realized after though that it may have been cheaper to just get on a train, though I couldn't risk all those faces, somebody would have realized who I was. The driver agreed to drive me all

the way to Birmingham. At least then, I would be able to stay there for a bit before heading onto somewhere else. I hadn't really thought about my plan, I just wanted to get away from my old life, find Oliver, and start a new one.

I arrived in Dover, not really sure of where I wanted to go. I hadn't even planned on making it this far without getting caught, and I had never been here before. Frankly, I had never really left my hometown before all of this had kicked off. And maybe Dover wasn't the best place to have come to. Hopefully people would start forgetting my face since it had now been broadcast on the news worldwide that I was home safe. Arriving in Dover at around seven allowed me to get a train without excessive amounts of people there too, which will hopefully limit the amount of times I'm noticed too.

I headed for the train station, having to stop at tourist signs every so often to make sure I was on the right track. The taxi had cost me just over forty-five pounds, because of all the traffic. It made me realise just what I was getting myself in to, could I really

handle this? Hopefully it will all be worth it in the end, but I still didn't know where I was going, or how I was going to afford all the transport.

The train station was massive. There were easily around twenty different platforms, allowing anybody to pick and choose where they want to run away to. But that was the problem, there were so many, and since I flunked geography class back in high school, I didn't know where any of them were. I knew I had to get myself out of England though, I opted for the Eurotunnel out of here, one way. I soon regretted falling asleep when Oliver took me through here the first time, as I would have been able to easily find my way to the entrance. I pushed past the terminals and merged in to a crowd, which seemed to be waiting for the same train as me. I hadn't bothered to buy a train ticked before getting on. I decided that this was the last thing on my mind before I stated the longest journey of my life.

The train was quick to arrive so there was not much waiting around, although a large group of people had formed, ready to pounce as soon as the doors

opened. I figured it would make more sense to wait whilst everyone else got on, saving any chance of being pushed and shoved. I boarded the train, not sure of what to expect. There were many businessmen chatting over coffee, talking on their phones, and getting on with their daily life. I tried to make myself invisible, but feared that by doing this I would only be drawing more attention to myself instead.

The train was just as expected. The familiar smell of stale alcohol and cigarettes lingered in the air as I searched for a decent window seat. The fact that I had waited though, meant that there was little chance of me actually finding an empty window seat. I headed down the carriage, section after section, and finally settled for an empty corner chair. The seat faced another identical two-seater, with a small table parting them. On the other side sat a young woman, of about twenty, with short black hair, and a plump figure. We exchanged smiles, which I took as I sign to sit. Although it seemed ideal, the amount of kids around soon made me regret ever considering the seat. I knew I had a long journey ahead of me, so

decided to take out my favourite book ‘wuthering heights’, and disappear in to the life of Heathcliff.

Not long had I been asleep then was I startled awake by a train conductor asking to see my train ticket. Shit.

“Umm, I thought I could buy one whilst on the train, sir”. I stated, rubbing my eyes from the sudden awakening. The whole time, the woman opposite was watching in amusement.

“Yes, well you were wrong. But we can’t just very well chuck you off this moving train can we ma’am. So I guess I’ll make an exception this time, but let it not happen again.” His stern voice echoed through my ears, like a fog horn.

“Sure, sorry.” I shrugged, knowing I wouldn’t be coming back again anyway. The ticket set me back another seventy pounds. Honestly, they want you to travel and live your lives, but expect you to be a millionaire at the same time.

I was now over an hour in to the journey, and with the amount of people travelling back and forth down

the train, it hadn't taken me long to figure out I couldn't stand compact spaces. I don't know how I was going to bare the rest of the journey. Luckily, most of the kids surrounding me had finally settled down and were either sleeping or drawing with others. Since I was already awake, and with still another hour left on the train, I decided I may as well converse with the woman opposite.

"So, where are you heading to?" I gave a half-hearted smile. I wasn't really interested, I knew I would never see her again once I got off the train, but polite small talk never hurt anyone.

"Anywhere" she replied. The fact she was so vague and uninterested proved it was going to be hard to keep the conversation alive at all. She didn't have a French accent, which I had previously debated. Instead it was more northern, and the fact she could speak English allowed me to guess whereabouts she was from.

"Same." I shrugged. And it was true.

“You don’t know where you’re goin’?” she acted shocked, which made her previous reply pretty hypocritical.

“Well neither do you.” I felt myself becoming defensive about trying to find Oliver. “I mean, I guess I just wanted to get away. I’m looking for someone.” I tried to shrug it off.

“Ohh aren’t we all darlin’. But you ain’t gonna be finding him out here.” The woman looked almost apologetic about it.

“It’s not like that, it’s complicated. I’ve already met him, but I guess I lost him.” I sighed, the reality of it all started to hit me now I had the time to think about what was actually happening.

“Well there’s no point tryin’ to chase after somethin’ that ain’t gonna work. You should just leave it on the ground and move on. That’s what I’ve learnt from my experience. If he ain’t worth the first chance, don’t give him another”. The woman lectured, all the time looking down at her left wedding finger and rubbing it. I felt sorry for the woman, she seemed really upset, but she didn’t understand, nobody would.

“He didn’t leave, I was taken away, he.. –“

“Ahh another man. Well if you could leave him to begin with, than you couldn’t have really loved ‘im.” She interrupted. The woman just wasn’t understanding at all, and was frankly becoming very annoying, very quickly.

“There wasn’t another man, I didn’t chose to leave him, I was taken, he took me. I mean, he didn’t take me, he thought he was doing right, but it all went wrong. It all happened to fast, and now I need to find him, I don’t know where he is, we were on our way to Italy somewhere, so maybe that’s where he has gone. Ohh what if they already have him?” I burst out crying. The events of the last few days had finally taken an emotional toll on me, and I couldn’t take it anymore. The lady looked shocked at what had just happened. Pushing her brown studded bag to the corner, she got up and walked over to where I was sitting, and continued to place her arm over my shoulder to try and comfort me.

It was no use, I just couldn't stop crying. The tears kept flowing and flowing, until I found myself drifting off, leaning on my unprepared acquaintance.

"How are you feeling sweetie?" I opened my eyes to the soothing voice of the woman, who had so kindly put up with all my troubles. She sat smiling, whilst eating a chocolate muffin and texting on her phone. She had taken her fury black coat off since earlier, which now showed a deep green, short sleeved t-shirt. Its arms were short enough to reveal a flower tattoo on her left shoulder, which could most likely be seen clearly from anywhere else on the carriage too. The tattoo contained the initials 'A.R' in one of the petals, which must have symbolised something.

The woman saw me looking at the tattoo and sighed.

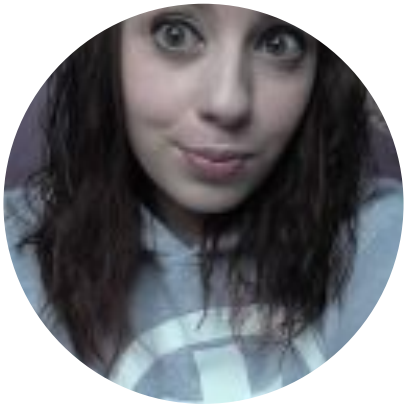
"My ex. It was out anniversary present. It was a stupid mistake. I caught him cheating a few weeks ago, but have only just had the courage to do something about it." She frowned. Maybe this was why she was travelling, trying to get away and start again. But she was in the same dilemma as me, she didn't know where she was going.

“Sorry.” Was all I could muster up. I did genuinely feel sorry for her idiocy, but I guess that’s what love can do to you. “Umm, what’s your name?” I thought it best to try and change the subject.

“Annabelle.” She smiled.

“Laura.” I smiled back.

About the Author



Robyn64